BY A. CONAN DOYLE, Copyright, 1882, by A. Connn Doyle. PART L

ture Through Which It Passed.

"Holmes." said I. as I stood one morning in our bow window looking down the street, "here is a madman coming along. It seems rather sad that his relatives should allow him

to come out alone."

My friend rose lazily from his armchair and od with his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown looking over my shoulder. was a bright, crisp February morning, and the anow of the day before still lay deep on the ground, shimmering brightly in the wintry aun. Down the centre of Baker street it had been ploughed into a brown, crumbly band by the traffic, but at either side and on the heaped up edges of the footpaths it still lay as white as when it fell. The gray pavement had been cleaned and scraped, but was still danger-owsly slippy, so that there were fewer foot ssengers than usual. Indeed, from the direction of the Metropolitan station no one was coming save the simple gentleman whose eccentric conduct had drawn my attention.

He was a man about 50, tall, portly, and imposing, with a massive, strongly marked face and a commanding figure. He was dressed in a sombre yet rich style in black frock coat, shining hat, neat brown galters. and well cut pearl-gray trousers. Yet his actions were in absurd contrast to the dignity of his dress and features, for he was running hard, with occasional little springs, such as weary man gives who is little accustomed to set any tax upon his logs. As he ran he jerked his hands up and down, waggled his head, and writhed his face into the most extraordinary contortions.

"What on earth can be the matter with him?"

I asked. "He is looking up at the numbers of 'I believe that he is coming here." said

Holmes, rubbing his hands. "Here?" "Yes, I rather fancy that he is coming to consult me professionally. I think that I recognize the symptoms. Ha! did I no tell you?" As he spoke, the man, puffing and blowing, rushed at our door and pulled at our bell until the whole house resounded with the

A few moments later he was in our room still puffing, still gestloulating, but with so fixed a look of grief and despair in his eyes that our smiles were turned in an instant to horror and pity. For a while he could not get his words out, but swayed his body and plucked at his hair like one who has been driven to the extreme limits of his reason. Then suddenly springing to his feet he bea his head against the wall with such force that we both rushed upon him and tore him away to the centre of the room. Sherlock Holmes pushed him down into the easy chair, and sitting beside him patted his hand and chatted with him in the easy, soothing tones which he

knew so well how to employ. You have come to tell me your story, have you not?" said he. "You are fatigued with your haste. Pray wait until you have recovered yourself, and then I shall be most happy to look into any little problem which you may submit to me."

heaving chest, fighting against his emotion. Then he passed his handkerchief over his brow, set his lips tight, and turned his face

No doubt you think me mad." said he. "I see that you have had some great trou-

ble." responded Holmes God knows I have! A trouble which is enough to unseat my reason, so sudden and so terrible is it. Public disgrace I might have has never yet borne a stain. Private affliction also is the lot of every man, but the two coming together and in so frightful a form have been enough to shake my very soul. Besides it is not I alone; the very noblest in the land may suffer unless some way be found out of this horrible affair."

"Pray compose yourself, sir," said Holmes, "and let me have a clear account of who you are and what it is that has befallen you."

My name," answered our visitor, "is probably familiar to your ears. I am Alexander Holder of the banking firm of Holder & Steven-

son of Threadneedle street.' The name was indeed well known to us. as belonging to the senior partner in the second largest private banking concern in the city of ondon. What could have happened then to bring one of the foremost citizens of London to this most pitiable pass? We waited, all curiosity, until with another effort he braced himself to tell his story.

"I feel that time is of value." said he, "that is why I hastened here when the police Inspector suggested that I should secure your cooperation. I came to Baker street by the underground, and hurried from there on foot, for the cabs go slowly through this snow. That is why I was so out of breath, for I am a man who takes very little exercise. I feel better now, and I will put the facts before you as shortly and yet as clearly as I can.

"It is, of course, well known to you that in a successful banking business as much depende upon our being able to find remunerative investments for our funds as upon our increasing our connection and the number of our of laying out money is in the shape of loans where the security is unimpeachable. We have done a good deal in this direction during the last few years, and there are many noble families to whom we have advanced large sums upon the security of their pictures. libraries, or plate.

Yesterday morning I was seated in my office at the bank when a card was brought in to me by one of the cierks. I started when I saw the mame, for it was that of none other than—well, perhaps even to you I had better say no more than that it was a name which is a household word all over the earth-one of the highest noblest, most exalted names in England. I was overwhelmed by the honor, and attempted. ence into business with the air of a man who Mishes to hurry quickly through a disagrees-

task. Holder, said he, I have been informed that you are in the habit of advancing

'The firm do so when the security is good.' I answered. 'It is absolutely essential to me,' said he "that I should have fifty thousand pounds at

once. I could, of course, borrow so trifling a sum ten times over from my friends, but I and to carry out that business myself. In my position you can readily understand that it is anwise to place enself under obligations." 'For how long, may I ask, do you want this

sum ?' I asked. Next Monday I have a large sum due to me. and I shall then most certainly repay what you advance, with whatever interest you think it right to charge. But it is very essential to

me that the money should be paid at once.' "'I should be happy to advance it without further parley from my own private purse, said I. were it not that the strain would be rather more than it could bear. If, on the other hand. I am to do it in the name of the firm, then in justice to my partner I must inrist that, even in your case, every businesslike precaution should be taken.'

'I should much prefer to have it so,' said he raising up a square black morocco case which he had laid beside his chair. You have doubtless heard of the Beryl Coronet?' 'One of the most precious public posses

'Precisely.' He opened the case, and there.

magnificent piece of jewelry which he had

'There are thirty-nine enormous beryls.' said he, 'and the price of the gold chasing is incalculable. The lowest estimate would put the worth of the coronet at double the sum which I have asked for. I am prepared to leave it with you as my security.

"I took the precious case into my hands and looked in some perplexity from it to my illustrious client.

"'You doubt its value?' he asked.
"'Not at all. I am only—'

"The propriety of my leaving it? You may set your mind at rest about that. I should not dream of doing so were it not absolutely cer-tain that I should be able in four days to reclaim it. It is a pure matter of form. Is the security sufficient?"

"'Ample.'
"'You understand, Mr. Holder, that I am giving you a strong proof of the confidence which I have in you, founded upon all that I have heard of you. I rely upon you not only to be discreet and to refrain from all gossip upon the matter, but, above all, to preserve this coronet with every possible precaution, because I need not say that a great public scandal would be caused were any harm to befall it. Any injury to it would be almost as serious as its complete loss, for there are no beryls in the world to match these, and it would be impos-sible to replace them. I leave it with you, however, with every confidence, and I shall call for it in person on Monday morning."

"Seeing that my client was anxious to leave

Isaid no more, but calling for my cashier I ordered him to pay over fifty thousand-pound notes. When I was alone one more, however, with the precious case lying upon the table in front of me, I could not make the proposed that the proposed in the cash of the proposed in the proposed in

my house, sweet loving, beautiful, a wonderful manager and housekeeper, yet as tender and quiet and gentle as a woman could be. She is my right hand. I do not know what I could do without her. In only one matter has she ever gone against my wishes. Twice in y boy has asked her to marry him, for he loves her devotedly, but each time she has refused him. I think that if any one could have drawn him into the right path it would have been she, and that his marriage might have changed his whole life; but now, alsa! it is too late-forever too late.

"Now, Mr. Holmes, you know the people who live under my roof, and I shall continue with my miserable story.

"When we wore taking coffee in the drawing room that night after dinner. I told Arthur and Mary my experience and of the precious treasure which we had under our roof, suppressing only the name of my client. Luey Parr, who had brought in the coffee, had. I am sure, left the room, but I cannot swearthat the door was closed. Mary and Arthur were much interested, and wished to see the Iamous coronet, but I thought it better not to disturb it.

"Where have you put it? asked Arthur.

"In my own bursau."

"Where have you put it? asked Arthur.

"In my own bursau."

"Where have you put it? in the bouse won't be burgled during the night, said he.

"It is locked up, I answered.

"Oh, any old key will fit that bureau. When I was a youngster? have opened it myself with the key of the box-room cupboard."

"He ofton had a wild way of talking, so that I thought little of what he said. He followed me to my room, however, that night with a very grave face.

"You have been very kind, said he. but I must have this money or eise I can novershow my face inside the club again.

"And a very good thing, too,' I cried,

"You have been very kind,' said he, but I must have this money or eise I can novershow my face inside the club again.

"And a very good thing, too,' I cried,

"You have been very kind, said he, but I must try other means.

"I was very angir, for this was the third demand du

asleep.
"I am endeavoring to tell you everything.
Mr. Holmes, which may have any bearing
upon the case, but I beg that you will question
me upon any point which I do not make clear."
"On the contrary, your statement is singu-

"On the contrary, your statement is singularly lucid."
"I come to a part of my story now in which I should wish to be particularly so. I am not a very heavy sleeper, and the anxiety in my mind tended no doubt to make me even less so than usual. About 2 in the morning, then, I was awakened by some sound in the house. It had ceased ere I was wide awake, but it had left an impression behind it as though a window had gently closed somewhere. I lay listening with all my ears, Suddenly, to my horror, there was a distinct sound of footsteps moving softly in the next room. I slipped out of bed, all palpitating with fear, and peeped round the corner of my dressing room door.

"Arthur! I screamed. You villain! You thief! How dare you touch that corner?"
"The gas was half up, as I had left it, and my unhappy boy, dressed only in his shirt and trousers, was standing beside the light holding the coronet in his hands. He appeared to be wrenching at it or bending it, with all his strength. At my cry he dropped it from his grasp and turned as pale as death. I snatched it up. One of the gold corners, with three of the beryls in it, was missing.

"You blackguard! I shouted, beside myself with rage. You have destroyed it! You have dishonored me for ever! Whereare the jewels which you have stolen? Whereare the jewels which you have stolen? "Yes, you taie! I roared, shaking him by the shoulder." There are none missing. There cannot be any missing, said he.

"There are three missing. And you know whore they are. Must! call you a liar as well as a thie!; Did! I not see you trying to tear off another piece?"

"You have called me names enough, said he. 'I will not say another word about this business, since you have chosen to insuit me. I will leave you house in the morning, and make my own way in the world.

"You shall leave it in the hands of the police, I cried, half mad with grief and rage. I shall have this probed to the bottom."

"You will leave it in the bands of the with a passion such as I should not have thought was in his nature. If you choose to call the nolice, let them find what they cin.

"By this time the whole house was astir, for I had raised my voice in anger. Mary was the first to rush into my room, and at the sight of the coronet and of Arthur's face sho read the whole story, and, with a scream. fell down senseles on the ground. I sent the housemaid for the police and put the isvestigation into their hands at once. When the inspector and a constable entered the house, Arthur, who had stood sullenly with his arms folied, asked me whether it was my intention to charge him with theft. I answered that it had ceased to be a private matter, but had become a public one since the ruined coronet was national property. I was determined that the law should into its way in overything.

"At least, said he, you will not have me arrested at once. It would be to your advantage as well as mine if I might leave the louse for five minutes."

"That you may get away, or perhaps that you may conceal what you have stolen, cried

"At least, said he, You will be to your advantage as well as mine if I might leave the house for five minutes,"
"That you may got away, or perhaps that you may conceal what you have stolen, cried i, and then realizing the dreadful position in which I was placed. I implored him to remember that not only my honor, but that of one who was far greater than I was at stake, and that he threatened to raise a scandal which would convulse the nation. He might avert it all if he would but tell me what he had done with the missing stones.
"You may as well face the matter, said I. 'You have been caught in the act, and no confession could make your guilt more heinous. If you will but make such reparation as is in your power by telling us where the beryls are all shall be forgiven and forgotten.
"Keep your forgiveness for those who ask for it, he answered, turning away from me with a sneer. I saw that he was too hurdened for any words of nime to influence him. There was but one way for it. I called in the Inspector and gave him into custody. A search was made at once not only of his person but of his room, and of overy portion of the house where he could possibly have concealed the gems, but no trace of them could be found, nor would the wretched boy onen his mouth for all our persuasions and our threats. This morning he was removed to a cell, and I, after going through all the police formalities, lave lurried round to you to implore you to use your skill in unraveiling the matter. The police have openly confessed that they can at present make nothing of it. You may go to sny expense which you think necessary. I have already offered a reward of a thousand pounds. My God! what shall I do? I have lost my honor, my gems, and my son in one night. Oh, what shall I do?

He put a hand on either side of his head, and rooked himself to and fro, droning to what shall I do?"
He put a hand on either side of his head, and rocked himself to and fro, droning to himself like a child whose grief has got beyond

and rocked himself to and fro, droning to himself like a child whose grief has got beyond words.

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for some few minutes with his brows knitted and his eyes fixed upon the fire.

"Bo you receive much company?" he asked.

"None, save my partner with his family, and an occasional friend of Arthur's. Sir George Burnfield has been several times lately. No one else, I think."

"Do you go out much in socioty?"

"Arthur does. Mary and I stay at home. We neither of us care for it."

"That is unusual in a young girl."

"She is of a quiet nature. Bosides, she is not so very young. She is four-and-twenty."

"This matter, from what you say, seems to have been a shock to her also."

"Terrible. She is even more affected than I."

"You have neither of you any doubt as to your son's guilt?"

"How can we have when I saw him with my own eyes with the coronet in his hands?"

"I hardly think that a conclusive proof. Was the remainder of the coronet at all injured?"

"Yes, it was twisted."

"Do you not think then that he might have been trying to straighten it?"

"Ood bless you! You are doing what you can for him and for me. But it is too heavy a task. What was he doing there at all? If his purpose were innocent whydid he not sayso?"

"Precisely. And If it were guility, why did he not invent a lie. His silence appears to me to cut both ways. There are several singular points about the case. What did the police think of the noise which awoke you from your sleep."

"They considered that it might be caused

think of the noise which awoke you from your sleep?"
They considered that it might be caused by Arthur's closing his bedroom door."
A likely story! as if a man bent on felony would slam his door so as to wake a household. What did they say then of the disappearance of these gems?
"They are still sounding the planking and probing the furniture in the hope of finding them."
"Have they thought of looking outside the house?"

"Have they thought of looking outside the house?"

"Yes, they have shown extraordinary energy. The whole garden has already been minutely examined."

"Now, my dear sir," said Holmes, "is it not obvious to you now that this matter really strikes very much deeper than either you or the police were at first inclined to think? It appeared to you to be a simple case, to me it seems exceedingly complex. Consider what is involved by your theory. You suppose that your son came down from his bed, went at great risk to your dressing room, opened your bureau, took out your coronet, broke off by main force a small portion of it, went off

your son came down from his bed, went at great risk to your dressing room, opened your bureau, took out your coronet, broke off by main force a small portion of it, went off to some other place, concealed three gems out of the thirty-nine with such skill that nobody can find them, and then returned with the other thirty-six into the room in which he exposed himself to the greatest danger of being discovered. I ask you now is such a theory tenable?"

"But what other is there?" cried the banker, with a gesture of despair. "If his motives were innocent why does he not explain them?"

"It is our task to find that out," replied Holmes, "So now, if you please, Mr. Holder, we will set off for Streatham together, and devote an hour to glancing a little more closely into details."

My friend insisted upon my accompanying them in their expedition, which I was eager enough to do, for my curtosity and sympathy were deeply stirred by the story to which we had listened. I confess that the guilt of the banker's son appeared to me to be as obvious as it did to his unhappy father, but still I had such faith in Holmes's judgment that I falt that there must be some grounds for hope as long as he was dissatisfied with the accepted explanation. He hardly spoke a word the whole way out to the southern suburt, but sat with his chia upon his breast and his hat drawn over his eyes, sunk in the deepest thought. Our client appeared to have taken I resh heart at the little glimpse of hope which had been presented to him, and he oven broke into a desultory chat with me over his business affairs. A short railway journey and a shorter walk brought us to Fairbank, the modest residence of the great financier.

Fairbank was a good-sized square house of white atons, steading hack a little from the

railway journey and a shorter walk brought us to Fairbank, the modest residence of the great flanacier.

Fairbank was a good-sized square house of white stone, standing back a little from the road. A double carriage sweep with a snow-clad lawn stretched down in front to the two large from gates which closed the entrances. On the right side was a small wooden wicket, which led into a narrow path between two neat hedges stretching from the road to the kitchen door, and forming the tradesman's entrance. On the left ran a lane which led to the stables, and was not itself within the grounds at all, being a public though little-used thoroughfare. Holmes left us standing at the door, and walked slowly all around the house, across the front, down the tradesman's path, and so around by the garden behind into the stable lane. So long was he that Mr. Holder and I went into the dining room and waited by the fire until he should return.

(To be Continued.) (To be Continued.)

> Another Infant Musical Prodigy. From the Chicago Herald.

Another Infant Musical Prodity.

From the Chicago Heald.

Seated upon a high plano stool, over the edge of which her tiny feet scarcely showed, little Elsa Breidt, O years old, played sweet music to a large gathering of musicians and music-loving people last evening. The programme was composed of selections from Mozart. Beethoven, and many of the other famous old masters, and these she performed in a manner which was marvelious, considering her age. In addition to being an infant planiste, she is also a composer, and she played two little gems of her own composition, a birthday greeting and an impromptu.

Elsa was born in 1885 at 2,510 Cottage Grove avenue, where she still lives with her parents. Her gift is inherited, as her ancestors on both sides of the family have been musicians, though not professionally. Her father is a violinist of more than ordinary ability and her mother is noted in amateur circles as a singer and planist. When Elsa was only 2's years old she toddled to the plane one day, and, after a hard struggle, managed to place herself upon the high seat of the stool. To the amazement of her parents, who were watching her hear by she commenced playing harmonious chords and finally little tunes she had heard others play. Her father, recognizing her talent, commenced feaching her, and when she was 3 years old she could read simple music rapidly. A little over a year ago she commenced taking lessons from a professional feacher, and her progress has been so repid that she now reads and plays the most difficult music in a manner that is not equalled by many players who have taken lessons nearly all their were when he were the seasons nearly all their seasons from a professional feacher, and her progress has been so repid that she now reads and plays the most difficult music in a manner that is not equalled by many players who have taken lessons nearly all their seasons from a professional feacher, and her progress has been so repid that she now reads and plays the most difficult music in a manner that

IN SIGHT OF MONADNOG

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Copyright 1802. After the gloom of gray Atlantic weather our ship came to America in a flood of winter sunshine that made unaccustomed eyelids blink; and the New Yorker, who is nothing if not modest, said: "This isn't a sample of our really fine days: wait until such and suc times come, or go to such and such a quarter of the city." We were content and more than ontent to drift aimlessly up and down the brilliant streets, wondering a little why the finest light should be wasted on the worst payements in the world; to walk round and round Madison Square, because that was full of beautifully dressed bables playing count ing-out games, or to gaze reverently at the broad shouldered, pug-nosed Irish New York policemen. Wherever we went there was the sun, lavish and unstinted, working nine hours a day-with the color and the clean-cut lines of perspective that he makes. That any one should dare to call this climate muggy. yes, even "sub-tropical," was a shock. There came such a man, and he said: "Go north if you want weather-weather that is weather Go to New England."

So New York passed away upon a sunny afternoon, with her roar and rattle, her com plex smells, her triply overheated rooms and much too energetic inhabitants, while the train west north to the lands where the sno lay. It came in one sweep-almost, it seemed in one turn of the wheels—covering the winter-killed grass and turning the frozen ponds that looked so white under the shadow of lear

trees, into pools of ink.
As the light closed in a little wooden town white, cloaked, and dumb, slid past the windows and the strong light of the car lamps fell upon a sleigh (the driver furred and muffled to his nose) turning the corner of a street Now the sleigh of a picture book, however well one knows it, is altogether different from the thing in real life, a means of conveyance at a journey's end, but it is well not to be vercurious in the matter, for the same Amer ican who has been telling you at length how he once followed a kilted Scots soldier from Chelses to the Tower, out of pure wonder and surjosity at his bare knees and sporran, will laugh at your interest in "just a cutter."

The staff of the train-surely the great Amer ican nation would be lost if deprived of the ennobling society of brakeman, conductor, Pullman car conductor.negro porter, and news boy-told pleasant tales, as they spread themselves at ease in the smoking compartment, o snowings up on the line to Montreal, of desperate attacks—four engines together and a snow plough in front-on drifts thirty feet high, and the pleasure of walking along the tops of goods wagons to brake a train with the thermometer thirty below freezing. "It comes cheaper to kill men that way than to put air brakes on freight cars," said the brakeman. Thirty below freezing! It was inconceivable

till one stepped out into it at midnight, and

the first shock of that clear still air took away the breath as a plunge into sea water does. A walrus sitting on a woolpack was our host in his sleigh, and he wrapped us in hairy goatskin coats, caps that came down over the ears, buffalo robes and blankets, and wo. looked like walruses and moved almost as gracefully. The night was as keen as the edge of a newly ground sword, breath froze on the coat lapels in snow, the nose became without sensation, and the eyes wept bitter ly because the horses were in a hurry to get home and whirling through the air at zer brings tears. But for the jingle of the sleigh bells the ride might have taken place in dream, for there was no sound of hoofs upon the snow, the runners sighed a little now and again as they glided over an inequality, and all the sheeted hills round about were dumb as death. Only the Connecticut River kent up its packed ice. We could see the stream worrying round the heels of its small bergs. Elsewhere there was nothing but snow under the moon—snow drifted to the level of the stone fences or curling over their tops in a tip of frosted silver; snow banked high on either side of the road or lying heavy on the pine and the hemlocks in the woods, where the air seemed, by comparison, as warm as a conservatory. It was beautiful beyond expression Nature's boldest sketch in black and white, done with a Japanese disregard of perspective and daringly altered from time to time by the In the morning the other side of the picture

There was never a cloud in the sky that rested on white velvet. Hills of pure white or speckled and furred with woods rose up above the solid white levels of the fields, and the sur rioted over their embroideries till the eyes sched. Here and there on the exposed slope: the day's warmth-the thermometer was near y 40 degrees-and the night's cold had made a bald and shining crust upon the snow; but the most part was soft, powdered stuff, to eatch the light on a thousand crystals and multiply it sevenfold. Through this maynificence, and thinking nothing of it, a wood sledge drawn by two shazzy red steers, the unbarked logs diamond-dusted with snow, shouldered down the road in a cloud of frosty breath. It is the mark of inexperience in this section of the country to confound a sleigh which you use for riding with the sledge that is devoted to heavy work and it is. I believe, a still greater sign of worthlessness to think that oxen are driven. as they are in most places, by scientific twist ing of the tail. The driver, with red mittens on his hands, felt overstockings that come up to his knees, and perhaps a silvery-gray coon-skin coat on his back, walks beside crying "Goe! Haw!" even as is written in the Ameri-can stories. And the speech of the driver explains many things in regard to the dialect story, which at its best is an infliction to many. Now that I have heard the long, un-hurried drawl of Vermont, my wonder is, not hat the New England tales should be printe in what for the sake of argument we will call English and its type, but rather that they should not have appeared in Swedish or Rus-sian. Our alphabet is too limited. This part of the country belongs, by laws unknown to the United States, but which obtain all the world over, to the New England story and the ladies who write it. You feel this in the air as soon as you see the white-painted wooder houses left out on the snow, the austere schoolhouse, and the people, the men of the farms, the women who work as hard as they. with, it may be, less enjoyment of life; the other houses, well-painted and quaintly roofed, that belong to Judge This, Lawyer That, and Banker Such-an-One, all powers in the giddy metrop olis of six thousand folk over there by the rail way station. More acutely still do you real ize the atmosphere when you read in the loca paper announcements of "chicken suppers" and "church sociables" to be given by such and such a denomination, sandwiched be-tween paragraphs of genial and friendly interest, showing that the country side live (and live without slaying each other) on terms of

terrifying intimacy.

The folk of the old rock, the dwellers in the older houses born and raised hereabouts, would not live out of the town for any consideration; but there are insane people from the south-men and women from Boston and the like-who actually build houses out in the open country two and even three miles away from Main street, which is nearly 400 yards ong and the centre of life and population. With the strangers, more particularly if they do not buy their groceries "in the Street," which means and is the town, the town has little to do, but it knows everything and much more also that goes on among them. Their dresses, their cattle, their views, the manners of their children, their manner toward their servants, and every other conceivable thing is reported, digested, discussed, and rediscussed up and down Main Street. Now, the wisdom of Vermont, not be-

ing at all times equal to grasping all the problems of everybody else's life with delicacy, sometimes makes pathetic mistakes and the town is set by the ears. You will see, therefore, that towns of a certain size do not materially differ all the world over. The talk of the men of the farms is of their farms-purchase, mortgage, and sale, recorded rights, boundary lines, and road tax. It was in the middle of New Zealand, on the wild horse plains that I heard this talk last. when a man and his wife, twenty miles from the nearest neighbor, sat up half the night discussing just the same things that the men talked of in Main Street, Vermont. U. S. A., in

almost the same words.

much exercised over this place. He is a farm hand, raised in a hamlet fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest railway and, greatly daring, he has wandered here. The bustle and the turmoil of Main Street, the raw glare of the electric lights, and the five-storied brick business block frighten and distress him much. He has taken service on a farm, well away from these delirious delights, and, says he 'I've been offered twenty-five dollars a month to work in a bakery at New York. But you don't get me to no New York. I've seen this place an' it just scarce me." His strength is in the drawing of hay and the feeding of cattle. Winter life on a farm does not mean the comparative idleness that is so much written of. Each hour seems to have its sixty minutes of work: for the cattle are housed and cat their drink, and the ice broken for them if necessary; then ice must be stored for summer use, and then the real work of hauling ogs for firewood begins. New England depends for its fuel on the woods. The trees "blazed" in the autumn, just before the fall of the leaf, felled later, cut into four-foot lengths, and as soon as the friendly snow makes sledging possible, drawn down to the woodhouse. Afterward the needs of the farm can be attended to, and a farm, like an arch, is never at rest. A little later will come maple sugar time, when the stately maples are tapped as the sap begins to stir, and beringed vith absurd little buckets (a cow being milked into a thimble gives some idea of the disproportion) which are emptied into caldrons Afterward (this is in the time of the "sugar ing-off parties") you pour the boiled syrup into tins full of fresh snow, where it hardens, and you pretend to help, and eat and become very sticky and make love, boys and girls to gether. Even the introduction of patent sugar evaporators has not spoiled the love making.

There is a certain scarcity of men to make love with. Not so much in towns which have their own manufactories and lie within a lover's Sabbath-day journey of New York, but in the farms and villages. The men have gone away-the young men are fighting for fortun further west, and the women remain-remain for ever, as women must. On the farms, when the children depart, the old man and the old woman strive to hold things together withou help, and the woman's portion is work and monotony. Sometimes she goes mad to an extent which appreciably affects statistics and is put down in census reports. More often let us hope, she only dies. In the villages where the necessity for heavy work is not so urgent, the women find consolation in the formation of literary clubs and circles, and so gather to themselves a great deal of wisdom in their own way. That way is not altogether lovely. They desire facts, and the knowledge that they are at a certain page in a German o Italian book before a certain time, or that they have read the proper books in a proper way At any rate, they have something to do that seems as if they were doing something. It has been said that the New England stories are cramped and narrow. Even a far-off view of the iron-bound life whence they were drawn justifies the author. You can carve a nut in thousand different ways, by reason of the hardness of the shell. Twenty or thirty miles across the hills, on

to the Green Mountains, lie some finished chapters of pitiful stories-a few score flercely so long as there was any one to work this desolation are woods where the bear and the deer still find peace, and sometimes even the beaver forgets that he is persecuted and dares to build his lodge. These things were told me by a man who loved the woods for their own sake and not for the sake of slaughter -a quiet, slow-spoken man of the West, who came across the drifts on snowshoes, and refrained from laughing when I borrowed hi footgear and tried to walk. The gigantic lawn tennis bats, strung with hide, are not easy to mancuvre. If you forget to keep the long heels down and trailing in the snow you turn water with a life belt tied to his ankles. If you lose your balance do not attempt to recover it but drop half sitting and half kneeling over as large an area as possible. When you have mastered the wolf step, can slide one shoe above the other deftly, that is to say, the sen sation of paddling over a ten-foot-deep drift and taking short cuts by buried fences is worth the ankle-ache. The man from the West interpreted to me the signs on the snow and showed how a fox (this section of the country is full of foxes, and men shoot them because riding is impossible) leaves one kind of spoor, walking with circumspection, as becomes a thief, and a dog, who has nothing to be ashamed of but widens his four legs and plunges, another; how coons go to sleep for the winter, and squirrels too, and how the deer on the Canada border trample down deep paths that are called yards and are caught there by inquisitive men with cameras, who hold them by their tails when the deer have blundered into deep snow. and so photograph their frightened dignity He told me of people, also-the manners and customs of New Englanders here, and how they blossom and develop in the far West on the newer railway lines, when matters come very nearly to civil war between rival companies racing for the same caffon. How there is a country not very far away called Cale donia, populated by the Scotch, who can give points to a New Englander in a bargain, and how these same Scotch, Americans by birth, name their townships still after the cities o their thrifty race. It was all as new and delightful as the steady "scrunch" of the snowshoes and the dazzling silence of the hills.

Beyond the very furthest range were the white, one solitary peak-a real mountain and not a hill-showed like a gigantic thumb-nall pointing heavenward.

'And that's Monadnock," said the man from the West. "All the hill's have Indian names. You left Wantastigat on your right coming out of town."
You know how it sometimes happens that

word shuttles in and out of many years, waking all sorts of incongruous associations. I had parody of Emerson's style before ever style or verse had interest for me. But the word stuck because of a rhyme in which some one was:

—crowned coeval With Monadnock's crest, And my wings extended Touch the East and West.

Later the same word, pursued on the same principle as that blessed one Mesopotamia, led me to and through Emerson up to his poem on the peak itself—the wise old giant, "busy the peak itself—the wise old giant, with his sky affairs," who makes us sane and sober, and free from little things, if,we trust him. So Monadnock came to mean everything that was helpful, healing, and full of quiet, and when I saw him half across New Hampshire he did not fail. In that utter stillness a hemlock bough, overweighted with snow, came down a foot or two with a tired little sigh; the snow slid off and the little branch flow nodding back to its fellows.

For the honor of Monadnock there was made that afternoon an image in snow of Gautama Buddha, something too squat and not altogether equal on both sides, but with an imperial and reposeful waist. He faced toward he mountain, and presently some men in a wood-sledge came up the road and raced him. Now, the amazed comments of two Vermont farmers on the nature and properties of a swag-bellie troubled about his race, for he was aggres-

sively white, but rounded waists seem to be out of fashion in Vermont. At least they say so with rare and curious oaths. Next day all the idleness and t-ifling were drowned in a snow storm that filled the hol lows of the hills with whirling blue mist. ogwed the branches in the woods till you dacked, but were pow fered all the same when you drove through, and wiped out the sleigh ing tracks. Mother Nature is beautifully tidy if you leave her alone. She rounded off every angle, broke down every scarp, and tucked the white bedelothes till not a wrinkle re-There is one man in the State now who is mained, up to the chins of the spruces and the

hemlocks that would not go to sleep.

driving to the station, and, alas! to New York, all my snowshoe tracks are gone; but when that snow melts a week hence, or a month hence, they'll all come up again and show A curious idea, is it not? Imagine a murder committed in the lonely woods, a snow storm that covers the tracks of the flying man before

"Now," said the man of the West, as we were

he avenger of blood has buried the body, an then a week later the withdrawal of the traiprous snow, revealing, step by step, the path Cain took-the six-inch deep trail of his snowshoes-each step a dark disk on the white till the very end! There is so much, so very much to write, if it

were worth while, about that queer little town by the rallway station, with its life running, to all outward seeming, as smoothly as the hac coupés on their sleigh mounting, and within icalousies that vex the minds of all but the gods. For instance-no, it is better to remember the lesson of Monadnock, and Emerson has said. "Zeus hates busybodies and people who do too much." That there are such folk a long nasal drawl

across Main street attests. A farmer is unhitching his horses from a post opposite a store. He stands with the tie rope in his hand and gives his opinion to his neighbor and the world generally:

"But them there Andersons they ain't got o notions of etikwette!

CAPTIVES IN SIBERIA.

The Adventures of the Crew of an American Scaling Schooner.

SEATTLE, Wash., April C.-After a year of absence, four months of it spent in a Siberian prison, the crow of the American scaling schooner James Hamilton Lewis, that was captured by a Russian man-ofhave returned to their native land. One of the unfortunate men, I. D. Stephens, is now in this city. In 1800 he went on a successful scaling expedition, and because the work is more exciting than that on an ordinary vessel, he decided to ship San Francisco, with fifteen others, on the James Hamilton Lewis, Capt. McLean.

The schooner, having followed the coast past the Straits of Juan de Fuca. past the Island of Vancouver, skirted the shores of Alaska out to eventy-Six Pass. Crossing through Behring Sea, she sailed to the Russian side, off Siberia. to avoid the American men-of-war. On July 1891, she was about twenty-five miles east of Copper Island. The cruise had been fairly successful, for 417 skins had been taken. During the last four days of June and the 1st of July a storm had prevailed, but the morning of the 2d broke clear and calm. The water was smooth enough to allow the taking of seals, and preparations were under way for setting out with the boats toward Copper Island. Just before the start, the man on the lookout noticed on the horizon at the south end of the island a faint smoke, like that from a steam vessel. The boats were lowered. but before they had gone very far Capt. Mo Lean saw with his glass that the cloud was from a Russian man-of-war, and he flew a signal for them to return. The Russian, which proved to be the Alaute, soon overhauled the American schooner. Her commander ordered the Lewis to heave to, but Capt. McLean's blood was up, and he bellowed back that he would do nothing of the kind, for he was in neutral water, and neither the Russians nor

any one else had a right to touch him. That show of resistance was useless, for the Americans had only their scaling rifles and a few shotguns. The Russian turned, steamed away for a short distance, and fired several shots, intending evidently to scare the scalers. Five or six small shells were thrown. One burst just as it passed from the cannon's mouth. and fell on the deck of the Lewis. Stephens tossed one of them overboard, and the first Alaute steamed around the schooner, and, running close to her bow, tore away her forerig-ging. Then the Russian swung alongside and a boarding party swarmed over the deck of the Lewis, cut the ropes and took possession of everything. The Americans were put on the man-of-war, which towed the schooner to the port of Petropaulovski, the capital of Kamchatka.

The schooner was fitted out again with sails The schooner was fitted out again with salls and ropes in place of those which had been destroyed. A crew of nine Russians and six Americans were put on her, and she started for Viadivostock, Russia's chief naval station on the Pacific. The Alaute accompanied her, and delivered the rest of the Americans to the authorities there. In a day or two the Alaute left, and the prisoners were informed that she would return soon. Their cases would be tried, and the matter settled. The Alaute, however, met with an accident, and did not come back for four months. Meanwhile the American sallors were confined in a Viadivostock prison.

would be tried, and the matter settled. The Alaute, however, met with an accident, and did not come back for four months. Meanwhile the American sailors were confined in a Viadivostock prison.

Stophens describes the building they occupied as a one-story log house, covering a space about thirty feet by forty. It was well lighted, although the windows were heavily barred. Part of the floor was of wood and part of earth tradden hard by hundrods of feet. Heat was furnished by a primitive stove built of brick, and while the climate was severe their was provided. Along, wide bench, or table, along one of the walls was the bed for all. The sailors had the apartment for themselves, and it was as clean as they chose to make it. Considering the fact that they were used to roughing it, they had no bitter complaint to make of the scoommodations, which were better than those on the schooner. But the food, Nephens declared, was dotostable. Twice a day they had he regular prison fare served to them-soup and black bread. The bread was, according to the account. a heavy hard loaf made of wretched black flour, and almost always stail and full of worms.

During the day the sailors had their liberty and were allowed to stroll through the part of the town, close to the prison and along the beach. They let us out. Stephens added, only after they realized that we could not escape from Vladivostock, even if we wanted to. At first our jackknives were taken away, and we had nothing with which to cut our tobace. We were let out in the morning at 8 o'clock, after a week or two of good behavior had convinced the authorities that we were not desperadoes. The rule was that we must be back at 8 in the evening; and if a man stayed later or, while out, went beyond bounds, ho was put in a dungeon for punishment. Nevertheless, we took our chances, and during the day saw most that was to be seen in the neighbor, hood. At all times the prison was guarded by Cossaeks, of whom there were several thousand the gentless of the several prison was a larg

TRAPPED BY REDSKINS.

ADVENTURE THAT TURNED HIS HAIR WHITE IN A FEW HOURS.

Paul McCormick's Narrow Escape from Beath by Torture at he Hands of the Indians—His Companion's Awful Pa;e,

From the Chicago Herald. JUNCTION CITY, Mont., April 3.-Everybody in Montana, and, in fact, nearly every one living west of the Missouri, knows or has heard of Paul McCormick, who has charge of Senator Tom Power's interests at this city. and who for years has been the wily little B publican Senator's right bower in his deals with the Indians. Nearly six feet in height, bro id-shouldered, resonant of voice, and with eyes as keen as a hawk's, despite the slight defect in the lid of the left orb. Paul is an ideal frontiersman, a favorite with all who know him, and whose prowess with the rife has been displayed in many a tussle with the Indians. Not every one out in this section of country, however, knows what turned Paul's hair prematurely white, for the brave fellow is eath to dwell upon this incident in his eventful career whereby he so nearly lost his life. and which caused his magnificent crop of jet black curly hair to take on the whiteness of

driven snow.

It happened early in the seventies. Paul. with a number of traders, had gene up the Yellowstone in a flatboat loaded with goods that they expected to exchange with the Crows for skins and such other commodities as the Indians had to barter for the gaudy plankets and calicoes so highly prized by the bucks and squaws. At this time the Cheyennes were on the warpath against their natural enemies, the Crows, which made travelling in that country even more dangerous than usual. But the traders were all old Indian fighters and trappers, thoroughly familiar with the locality, and not likely to be scared off by trifles, besides which Paul McCormick, their

and trappers, thoroughly familiar with the locality, and not likely to be scared off by trifles, besides which Paul McCormick, their leader, was known to be the best shot in the Territory, and whose knowledge of Indian tactics had been gained in many a dearly bought field of experience.

Landing at Pease bottom, the outilt made the flattoat fast, and, after selecting a suitable site, proceeded to build a blockhouse as much for the purpose of protection against the hostillo Indians as to store their merchandise. Every morning it devolved upon the keen-eyed McCormick to saddle his horse and, with his trusty Sharps across his saddle bow, ride to the summit of the nearest butte and scan the country for Indian signs. This completed, he would lope his horse back to camp to assure the boys of oud trails and a prospect of uninterrupted work on their house.

One bright morning as Paul started out on his accustomed scout he was approached by an old trapper known to the rest as Grizzly, who said he reakoned he'd jine Mac in his ride that day if the latter didn't keer. Of course, Paul was glad to have company, and willingly waited until Grizzly brought up his horse and clached on the saddle. Lured by the brightness of the morning and intoxicated by the fresh, delicious air which they inhaled in long breaths as they galioped over the short, curly buffalo grass, the traders strayed much further from the camp than was customary with Paul when he was alone, but as they had scaled several buttes without noting a trace of Indians, each rode along unsuspicious of danger, lost in the enjoyment of the perfect June day.

They had walked their horses up a pretty stiff butte, and, arrived at the summit, were breathing the animals while taking a survey of the country. For miles around not a sign of life could be seen, save in the far distance, where a black speek in the sky circling oarthward told them of a possible breakfast awalting the industrious buzzard which had airandy scanted its prey, with a good deal of the devil in him. His

Ing unseated, especially with a dozen Indiana firing crosswise over and under the brute's body. Apparently the redskins were more desirous of capturing Paul alive for the purposes of torture than to kill him outright, which may account for his almost miraculous escape from the hundreds of bullets that zip! zipped| in the air all about him. As for Grizzly, he had encountered a chance shot at the first onset, and, stone dead, sat upright in the saddle, with his arms outstretched, his head hare, and a streak of blood trickling over his long, gray moustache that fell from a round bullet hole sunk square between his oyes, Grizzly's mare,

sunk square between his oyes. Griszly's mare, bearing her dead rider, at dirst broke away from the Indians and circled over the plateau, but, returning, ran round and round in a still marrowing circle until a well-aimed shot dropped her in her tracks.

All the rid her tracks and neck with his mustang, and once a victous tug nearly pulled him from his heres, but he kleked loose, and, with a yell of deflance, galloped madly down the hutte in the direction of the blockhouse, a hundred bullets singing in his ears, sent in deadly earnest by the Cheyennes, who viewed their intended victim's escape with deep chagrin that found vent in a chorus of yells.

Straight to the blockhouse rode Paul, chased for the first few miles by about a dozen braves, who fired as they ran, but without inflicting any damage save to wound his horse. So intended in the returned the fire of his foes, although in addition to his rifle he carried two big navy revolvers in his beit that held six rounds of cartridges each. To a friend, later on, he confessed that it never occurred to him to use either the rifle or the revolvers, although he might have done some damage with the latter when he had the Indians at close range.

The spectacio of their leader galloping madly over the prairie had a startling effect upon the little band of quasi's carpontors then putting the finishing touches to the block-house. It was no time to the seader galloping madly over the prairie had a startling effect upon the little band of quasi's carpontors then putting the finishing touches to the bear of his free him in safety to his free dear the seader of his safety and the safety had a seader

From the Chicago Daily Telema.

The car was not half full, but the youth in the new spring suit plumped himself down by the side of the handsome girl in gray.

"Possibly naw you are holding this seat." he said with a smile. "for some gentleman?" I was, "she said with a sigh of disappeointment," but he doesn't seem to have come." And the youth in the new spring suit presently got up and wandered on into the next car alread.